

THE BEE

WASHINGTON

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY JANUARY 21, 1911

Open Letter

To the President of the United States:

Sir: I want to call your attention to the growing discrimination in the several executive departments of the Government. It seems, Mr. President, that the subordinate chiefs have had an understanding which gives them permission to do as they please toward the colored employees. Conditions are worse today than they have been for a number of years. You have been badly advised, Mr. President. Your Postmaster General, Frank Hitchcock, has made you more enemies among all classes of Americans than any other member of your Cabinet. So far as colored Americans are concerned, they don't like him at all. They have never seen anything in him. You would imagine that he was President instead of yourself. Mr. President, I understand that he is not to have charge of your next campaign. If he does, the few colored men who have remained in the party will bid farewell to you. You have to be careful, Mr. President, and select men who are not afraid to talk and express their own opinions. I have been informed that you have been misunderstood. I am glad to know that you will have a change of heart, and the colored Americans have misunderstood you. I can tell better, Mr. President, when you take a hand in our local government and make a few changes. We have three Commissioners, one Republican, one doubtful and the other very doubtful. None of them have decided to appoint a representative colored man to a place as yet. I was informed by one of your Commissioners, Mr. President, who is the only simon pure Republican on the board, that a colored man held a representative place. I have not been able to find him. If he does he was appointed by a former Commissioner, Mr. MacFarland. Do you know, Mr. President, that not a colored man has been appointed on the police force since the retirement of Mr. West? My friend, Mr. West, would read the riot act to his chief of police and give him to understand that colored men had to be appointed on the force. Since his retirement our chief appoints if he pleases, and if he doesn't want to appoint he doesn't appoint, although the police department is under General Johnston. However, I don't believe that one has been appointed since a change in the Commission. My friend Pratt, Mr. President, private secretary to Commissioner Johnson, would make a good chief of police. He is a practical young man and a wide awake individual. Why not, Mr. Johnson, transfer him to the police department? There are times when men grow too old in a place. Perhaps, if a few more changes were made in our local government, Mr. President, a few colored citizens would be appointed. There must be a change in your policies, Mr. President. The understrapper in your administration must be given to understand that all citizens must be treated alike. I understand that in the Census Office, Treasury Department, Interior Department and one other department under the general government, colored men have been given to understand that they cannot be promoted, on account of their color. All of this color business, Mr. President, sprung up under your administration, and very soon after you delivered your inaugural address. If a colored man is employed at all in the departments, he is given a menial place. If he is certified from the Civil Service to some department, after having passed the examination, a subterfuge is given him. Why can't you call the attention of the Civil Service Commission to this discrimination, Mr. President, and recommend to Congress the passage of a law making it a felony for any department to object to the appointment of a person after he has been certified by the Civil Service Commission? Believe me, Mr. President, when I tell you that there is political danger ahead, and unless there is an immediate remedy, something will be doing in 1912. Yours truly, The Editor.

HE REMEMBERS ALL BUT THE HAT.

Negro Democracy Looking for Plums.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1910. Editor of the Washington Bee. Please allow me a short space in your paper, which I consider to be the leading Negro journal of the country, in order that I may, in my humble way, express my views in regard to the Negro in politics. Twenty years ago I had the honor of meeting you at one of the greatest Negro Democratic conventions ever held in this country, in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., where all the leading Negro Democrats from all over the country had assembled to discuss the great Negro problem. You well remember that at this meeting there were Peter H. Clarke, of Ohio; J. Milton Turner, of Missouri; C. H. Taylor, of Kansas; Thomas T. Fortune, of New York; W. T. Scott, of Illinois, and a hundred other Negro Democrats, too numerous to mention. It was at this memorable convention that your humble servant had the distinguished honor and pleasure of sitting down to the table at the Hotel English with the editor of the Washington Bee, whom I had heard and read a great deal of, but had never had the pleasure of meeting. I shall never forget the informal introduction on this occasion, and also of the lengthy discussion we had as to the coming National campaign between the Hon. Benj. Harrison, of Indiana, and the Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York,

when you waged me a new hat that Mr. Harrison would be elected, and the results of that election speaks for itself. Little did I think, at that time, that I would ever have the pleasure of meeting you in the city of Washington, but 18 years today, on my arrival in Washington, having been appointed to a position in the War Department and looking over my letter book, I came across a card with the following inscription: "W. Calvin Chase, Editor of Washington Bee, and Attorney-at-Law, 1109 I Street Northwest," and looking on the back of this card I found the bet that we had wagered in Indianapolis, and the size of the hat that you wore. After going to the place where I had secured board and lodging, I started out to find 1109 I Street Northwest, and I shall never forget when I rang the bell at your office on that Sunday afternoon, and when you came to the door and I handed you my card, stating that possibly you had forgotten me, and when you made the following reply: "Oh, no, I know you. You are Mr. Chase, of Iowa. Where is that hat?" And from that day until the present time I have always found you a true and personal friend. There have been times that we have differed politically, but at no time have we ever been enemies. I want to congratulate you and your paper as being one of the greatest Negro journals published today, not only in Washington, but of the entire country. I have been a reader of The Washington Bee for over twenty years, and I have always admired the courageous efforts you have made in the defense of the American Negro.

I have seen a great many Negro papers inaugurated in Washington, but they, like mushrooms, have come up and faded away. I want to say that I believe that I voice the sentiment of the thinking class of colored citizens of Washington, that if the Negroes would give their moral and financial support to The Washington Bee that it would be instrumental in protecting the Negro in all of his political and civil rights, not only in Washington, but the entire country. I want to congratulate you on your editorial on the Passing Show, where you say that it means a passing out of the Negro Republicans from various departments. I heartily concur with you when you say that the Negro Democrats ought to be given places held by so-called Negro Republicans, some of whom have never voted a Republican or Democratic ticket in their life. Then there are men on the pay rolls who have a vote, but who never go home to exercise the elective franchise, and the result of the recent campaign shows in several States and Congressional districts that their vote would have been instrumental in saving many a Republican Congressman from defeat. I believe that every man in the Government employ, whether protected by Civil Service or not, should exercise the elective franchise, and should aid the party to which they owe their appointment, either by going home to vote or giving their moral and financial support. There has been a great many organizations formed during and since the campaign. It is a well known fact that I represent the National Colored Personal Liberty League, which is supposed to be a non-partisan organization, and the record will show that we have supported both Democrats and Republicans when personal liberty was an issue. I want to pay a tribute to that old veteran and uncompromising Negro Democrat—L. C. Moore—who has made one of the greatest sacrifices of any Negro in the United States for the cause of Democracy. Mr. Moore is a Democrat three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and his loyalty and fidelity to the party speaks for itself. He is not a Negro Democrat for revenue only, but he has the courage of his convictions, and he and others who are associated with him will be important factors in 1912.

Thanking you for consuming so much of your valuable paper.

Respectfully yours,
CHARLES C. CURTIS.
National Organizer, National Colored Personal Liberty League.

COMPLIMENTS THE BEE.

What the Catholic Church Thinks of It.

Editor Bee. A few days ago, by chance, I had the pleasure of reading an editorial comment in your paper of date November 4, in which you mention the fairness with which the colored man is treated by the Roman Catholic Church, as was shown in the recent Holy Name parade held in this city when the white and colored men marched side by side. This is as it should be, and ever since I read your comment, I felt it my duty as a member of the Catholic Church to commend your sentiment. Many others with whom I have discussed your editorial have given it their approval. Let the colored Christians and white Christians of all denominations pull together. Among my many friends are colored Catholics, good citizens, honest, trustworthy and manly, and indeed the recognition given them on the occasion of the parade in which your editorial refers only speaks of the broadness of the Catholic Church in bringing into its fold all colors and races of mankind on an equal footing, so that it can truly be said of her, "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd, with the high ideal of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." WM. A. HICKEY.

Seventy-two oil paintings and water colors, Dr. Leslie D. Ward's collection, were sold in New York City for \$153,285.



HONORABLE WALTER I. SMITH

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I dropped in the office of The Bee Tuesday, as has been my custom, to look over the exchanges and see what the colored press is doing and saying. I noticed in two or three Washington letters from which I quote the following: "Henry Lincoln Johnson is now often seen wending his way in and out of the big Government departments, where he confers with men of national prominence, and where often he goes to intercede in behalf of some colored brother. Mr. Johnson's interview at the White House is an indication that the President desires to confer." When I came to this I turned to Chase and laughingly remarked: "Say, Calvin, here's one of those old 'bids for favor,' as Senator Bruce use to call them." "Yes," Chase replied, "that's been handed every new Negro who came to Washington to hold office." I recall one time when I fixed up about the same dope for the newspaper for which I used to correspond, making Bruce the principal dramatist personae. I took it around and showed it to him. He had but recently been made Register of the Treasury. Now Senator Bruce was one of the most divining and far-seeing of men—sometimes I think he was the most astute and fertile politician the race ever produced. He did not know that I wrote it—I had not led up to it, though I expected to, as I really meant to work him for his influence to get me a promotion. Imagine the shower bath he gave me, when finishing reading it; he turned to me and remarked, in that smooth, persuasive style of his, and with a merry twinkle in his eye: "My dear boy, that's a bid for favor. The fellow who wrote that wants something. I'll wager he will be in to see me mighty soon, too."

Referring to "leaders," I want to rise to remark that when a man, white or colored, accepts an appointive office, his ability to lead is dissipated. I get awfully sick and tired of this prating about "leader" by a few dopesters. If Booker Washington, with all his prestige and influence and following, should accept an appointive office today, he would, perforce, lay down the scepter of leadership. Leaders have a following; appointees have sycophants. Leaders go out on the battlefield and lead; appointees never give an utterance until the cuckoo makes a noise. Leaders are never afraid of a storm, they sail their ship in all weathers. An appointee sets his sail to catch every passing breeze. You never hear of a real leader trimming his sail because some one speaks. A leader can accept an office to which he has been elected by the people without destroying his leadership—such an election really makes him more of a leader. But when a leader accepts an appointive office he destroys his leadership, because he has to obey the orders of a man higher up than he, and must conform to the policies of the administration under which he serves. He can't be loyal to his administration and still be the leader he was before. I wish some of these dopesters would give us a rest on this "leader" business. Rev. Corrothers and Rev. Waldron, without a vote, and without a voting constituency, are more of leaders than any one or all of the men holding appointive offices in Washington. Just ring the changes on this "leader" business, and remember that leaders are commanding officers, not subalterns, and that a leader never has to set his sail to catch a passing breeze, nor trim it to save his ship from a blowing wind.

Such dope as the above is what Carlisle philosophically styled "battering away battery for tangible substance," but what Lew Dockstader, our modern, corked-faced philos-

opher, calls "handing out the con to get an airship." The big office holders may make a few trips, when they are right fresh on the job, to the departments, but I never knew any of them to get lung fever in their feet because of too many such trips. From what I know of Mr. Johnson, I am positive he does not relish this dope, and it's an injustice to any man to write that the President is sending for him to confer with. It looks like he is tooting his own horn, and Link Johnson ain't that sort of a fellow.

Here's another one: The prolific correspondent to The Freeman sent the following to his newspaper: "The crying need in Washington, according to the advice that have come to us, is the presence of a leader who is unselfish, and is willing to take a sympathetic interest in the common people." Now the common people in this instance is no doubt the aforesaid correspondent, and the "advice" that have come to him have come from himself. What he wants is a "leader" who will derick him out of that messenger job and make him a Presidential appointee, or something better. He's tried to work them all, but I fear Brother Thompson has pied his form. He played fast and loose with the soon retiring Register, and now he is in the box trying to pitch to the incoming Register. I believe it was Ben Johnson who once said: "When a man would tickle your vanity with laudation, take a fresh and tighter grip on your purse."

Davis and Barnes' cigar store and news-stand on U street, is getting to be quite a rendezvous for the "brother" who congregates there in the evening for their after-dinner smoke and discuss race and social problems, and talk about those who happen not to be in at the time. I was in there one evening this week, and they got to discussing a certain individual whom they styled a "four-flusher," whatever that is. And me-o-my, how they did roast him. Just in the midst of their roasting him the aforesaid "four-flusher" opened the door and walked in. Quick as a cat can jump, they ceased talking about him, stopped roasting him, and such welcome they gave him, and such felicitous remarks they showered upon him, and such encomiums they bestowed upon him I have not heard since the last meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society. It struck me as so absurd, so inconsistent, and so false, and as I walked out, drawing heavily on my Henry George, I said to myself, sub-rosa, "Alas and alack, has all semblance to genuineness flown?"

Speaking about "four-flushers," now there's Jim Cobb, he is just the opposite. I don't see as much of Cobb as I used to before prosperity became his daily companion. We all remember Cobb when he was a fortune-hunter, and a fellow who, like Micawber, was always waiting for something to turn up. He was "jimmie-few-clothes" then. While he waited for something to turn up the Capitol Savings bank (peace to its ashes) went up. Cobb got busy. He began suing everybody who ever earned the building, and in this way earned fees that put him on his feet. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" was never truer than in this case. What was others' loss was his gain. Now Cobb is Special Assistant District Attorney with a \$2,000 stipend attached, and has a law practice on the outside which meets all his expenses, making the \$2,000 per satin velvet. One thing he lacks is one of Adam's ribs. If he could get a nice, highly polished rib he'd be in clover. One thing is certain, however, Jim Cobb has demonstrated what a poverty-stricken Louisiana-born derelict can do when it hits the trail right. Today he is about the best fixed young man in the District whose complexion is about seventy-five degrees removed from white. Ten years ago cheese and crackers would have made a banquet for him,

now he dotes on terrapin. Ten years ago a "Ain't-I-a-beaut-take-me-home-for-four-ninety-five" suit of clothes would have been considered by him as prime for a party suit. Today he changes his clothes twice a day. Ten years ago had he changed once a day he would have had to appear in a garment of filmy shadows. Some say he is a little bit big feeling now. Well, a fellow who comes all the way from the rice swamp of Louisiana to a palace without shedding a tooth and without influence has a right to be like popped corn—all puffed up. I take my hat off to Jim, and wish we had "smothers" like him who can hurdle the "obstacle fence." Come on, Jim, the road's clear. You can speed beyond the limit now, for nothing succeeds like success. And they say Jim Cobb has about four or five houses that bring him in a nice rental. Something more to feel puffed up over.

It's rumored that the Odd Fellows Journal is to be moved from Philadelphia to Washington. I can hardly credit the rumor, for the reason that such a move would make it too plain that the great United Order of Odd Fellows was to be run for the benefit of a few. I guess it is just one of those wild, woolly rumors that blow from nowhere to somewhere without a real sponsor. I met Slaughter this week, but he never hinted to me that such a move was on. I guess it's punk.

A letter came Tuesday to me, addressed "Sage of the Potomac," care of The Bee, which suggested several persons whom I should write up in this column. Now to the writer of that letter let me say, don't get nervous and over-anxious. I "have a little list," and I will reach the parties suggested in time. If you amount to anything you will get in this column, sooner or later. If you don't amount to anything, you are like the mosquito at the bottom of the well—"out of sight" of the Sage. And I never could see anything that was very small. My eyesight, usually keen, is a bit disturbed with an avalanche of years, making it impossible for me to see simply the outlines of a small object.

I notice in some of the newspapers that are published exclusively for the migratory sons of Ham that a conference is to be held by a lot of the colored Federal appointees. Now I don't believe any such conference is scheduled. Nothing could be more inappropriate and suggestive of a lost cause than a conference of "the interests." The correspondent who made a slight draft on his limited gray matter to this extent evidently got on an Anacostia car by mistake and was pretty near St. Elizabeth's before he discovered he was riding south instead of north in the direction of U street. The white folks haven't called a meeting yet, and you know they are not going to permit of the "aftermaths" breaking in on the first page first with the announcement that they have met and the country is safe. The national election is eighteen months off, and when it does roll around it's my Dunlap against a Sweet Caporal that all these "leaders" will wish it was still eighteen months more removed. There's lots of sewing to be done before it will be necessary to get out the reapers and binders. Who said conference? Scat!!

Representative W. I. Smith.

President Taft appointed Representative Walter I. Smith, of Iowa, United States Judge for the Eighth Circuit, to succeed Judge Vandeventer, who was recently promoted to the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

The executive has been considering the nomination of a new judge in the Eighth District for more than three weeks, and about a score of names of aspirants for the post were laid before him by members of Congress and prominent politicians. In the list of candidates the most prominent were Representative Smith and Representative George W. Norris, the insurgent leader from Nebraska.

Both men have had experience on the bench in their respective States, and the matter resolved itself into a race between the two Representatives, one a stand-patter and the other a progressive.

Served Three Terms on Bench.

Judge Smith was born at Council Bluffs, July 10, 1852. He received a common school education and studied law in the office of Col. D. B. Daily. He was admitted to the bar in December, 1882, and was elected judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District of Iowa in 1890, and re-elected in 1894 and 1898. He was elected to Congress in November, 1900. He has been in the House of Representatives continuously since that time, and was re-elected last November.

True Reformers Coming to the Rescue.

Mr. W. R. Griffin, the District Chief of the True Reformers, who made a very successful trip through Maryland and Pennsylvania last week in the interest of the order, will leave the city today to speak in the following cities: Baltimore, Md., Wilmington, Del., Thenton, N. J., and Philadelphia, Pa.

The members in every city express themselves not in words alone, but by their money, that they have helped to build the order, and they will help to save it, and protect the aged men and women and pay every widow and orphan dollar for dollar.

The Union installation last Friday night was one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in this city.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Mr. Charles Ward Chappelle is the only colored aviator to participate in the first Industrial Aero Show, which was held from December 31 to January 7. He has invented an aeroplane which has attracted much attention because of its unusual features.

Mr. Edward Raymond Turner, Ph. D., associate in history at Bryn Mawr College, won the Justin Winsor prize for his book, entitled "The Negro in Pennsylvania—Slavery, Servitude, Freedom." The prize is given every two years in recognition of the most valuable and original work done in American history whose reputation is not yet established.

It is said separate saloons are now being championed in Baltimore by State's Attorney A. S. J. Owens. The segregation idea is rapidly growing.

The colored people of Chicago have been offered \$25,000 by an Anglo-Saxon and \$25,000 by a Jew for a Y. M. C. A. building, providing they raise a similar amount, \$50,000, among themselves.

According to Rev. R. W. Andrews, a missionary in Tokio, who has returned to this country after a twelve-year stay in Japan, there are more scholars than the limited number of teachers are able to manage. Knowledge is on the increase.

Last Tuesday, the 17th, was the birthday of a philanthropist, printer and patriot whose name all Americans will ever hold dear to them, "Benjamin Franklin."

It has been proposed that all of the old library space in the center of the Capitol be devoted to the use of the court, where more commodious chambers for the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States can be had.

Carrie Nation, the well known temperance advocate and saloon smasher, is suffering a nervous collapse. Her condition is such that it is feared her usefulness as an enemy of intoxicants is ended.

Spontaneous combustion is believed to have started the fire in the United States Pension Office, which resulted in \$6,000 damage.

George Lewis Grant, the colored personal body guard of Gen. U. S. Grant during the civil war, having made twenty-four trips abroad, and although he could neither read nor write English, he could speak French and German fluently, died in Boston, Mass., at the age of seventy-five years.

Over \$100,000 was raised for the benefit of survivors of the twenty-three firemen killed in the Chicago stock yards. This makes the total fund nearly \$160,000.

Dr. Booker T. Washington is getting up a testimonial for Editor T. Thomas Fortune. A large sum is expected. Dr. Washington hopes the plan will meet with hearty co-operation.

Rev. W. H. Brooks, who has been for fourteen years pastor of St. Mark M. E. Church, New York, will tender his resignation to take effect about April. It is said it was a shock not only to his church, but all the church-going people of New York City.

Color prejudice has at last reached Buffalo, N. Y. G. H. Thompson, colored, who sued the Academy Theater for \$500 damages, being refused admission to the lower floor, lost his suit. The Supreme Court there sustained the action of the theater.

Dr. White, superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane, seems to have an elephant on his hands trying to satisfy the George Washington University students also the Howard University students at the same time. Watch for the outcome.

The will of Mrs. Emilie H. Moir, who died the 23d of December, leaves a large part of her estate, worth more than \$1,000,000, to educational, religious and charitable organizations. Tuskegee Institute and Howard University will share about \$40,000 each.

It is said Absalom Jones was the first colored man ordained in the Episcopal Church. The one hundred and sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth was celebrated recently.

A marble bust of Thomas Moore is to be placed in the Corcoran Art Gallery May 28 next, the 123d anniversary of his birth.

John Quincy Adams, a descendant of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, died at his home in New York at the age of sixty-three years. It is said he was one of the founders of the American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial.

Secretary MacVeagh favors the abolishment of the auditors for the different Government departments and concentrating the work under one head, thus saving about \$300,000. About thirty positions will be abolished if the change is made.

It is said New York has consumed 8,500,000 barrels of beer during the year 1910, and about 60,000,000 has been consumed throughout the United States during 1910.

Gen. Stonewall Jackson's birthday was celebrated January 21st by the Southern societies in this city, at which time tributes were paid to the memory of Robert E. Lee.

Capt. Peary, in his testimony before the Congressional committee, said the reason he took Henson with him was that he was the more effective for the extended work necessary than any white man I ever saw.

A piece of Confederate flag four by two feet, which was displayed from the Marshall House, Alexandria, Va., and a piece of oil cloth and rope, was sold for \$51.00.

Read The Bee.